Perelandra

January

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Master Nino Chiostra — a Romantic Tune

'Sing ho, six comely demoiselles,
carim-cara, cara-carim,
In each a different charm excel,
And each a partial love compels.
Carim, cara, carissima.

'A doleful doom I bear in mind,
carim-cara, cara-carim,
When that my true love I shall find,
Six charms in her must go combined.
Carim, cara, carissima.

'First to enchant me she must bear,
carim-cara, cara-carim,
The nimbus of Olivia's hair,
but not Olivia's nose, I swear.
Carim, cara, carissima.

Next must I claim, and she allow,
carim-cara, cara-carim,
Costanza's calm and steadfast brow,
Yet not Costanza's ears, I vow.
Carim, cara, carissima.

And by the Mustering of the Ships,
carim-cara, cara-carim,
My love must pout Elena's lips,
Yet shame Elena's narrow hips.
Carim, cara, carissima.

Then by the dreadful Midnight Sword,
carim-cara, cara-carim,
Lucrezia's skin she must afford,
Without Lucrezia's whining word.
Carim, cara, carissima.

Observe Francesca, how she stands,
carim-cara, cara-carim,
As lithe a maid my heart demands,
Without Francesca's clawlike hands.
Carim, cara, carissima.

Giovanna's eyes are kind and sweet,
carim-cara, cara-carim,
But tho' my word be indiscreet,
Giovanna has enormous feet.
Carim, cara, carissima.

Yet this my lay I'll not prolong,
carim-cara, cara-carim,
Lest Cupid's hour should strike, ding-dong,
And prove me altogether wrong!
Carim, cara, carissima!
Carim, cara, carissima!

(from Leslie Barringer's mythical medieval fantasy, Joris of the Rock)

Welcome to Perelandra #28, a monthly amateur magazine crammed full of games, literature, letters, and this month, deep depression. *Therapy sessions* Issues cost 75¢ each and are available from P.J. Gaughan, 3121 E. Park Row #171A, Arlington TX 76010. Phone is 817-633-3208; phone hours are 10-4 during the day, and 12:30-2 am at night. (And, no, I'm not kidding about those times.) Write something cheerful for publication and see how many free issues it gets you.

I know I promised not to inflict this on you this month, but there's a lot of stuff backing up here. This ish presents the Woz and Forochel results--these two games will get back on schedule this month. Also, you each get a copy of the rules for Four-Handed Dip Chess and Hegemony over Sandy Ego so you can decide to sign up for one of those. Least but not last is a little nonsense between Bruce Linsey and myself.

(continued)

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And then the real reason for this issue. I try to keep you all updated on my personal life, without intruding into those of you who'd rather not hear. If I don't know you well, and you feel uncomfortable hearing fairly intimate details about casual acquaintances, I ask you to skip the editorial this time.

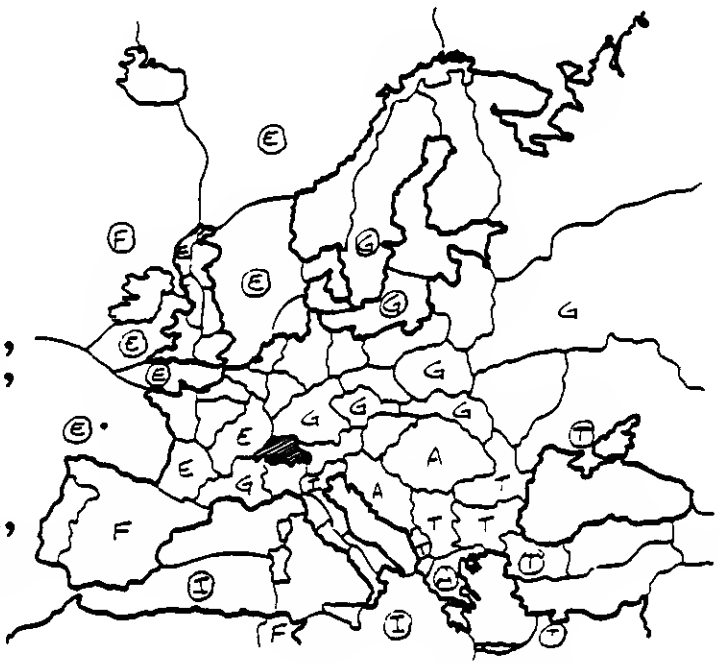
Again I say I am NOT burned out. As you will see, my one joy these days is Diplomacy people. That may or may not be great, but folding has not entered my mind.

Please note the address change and record it wherever you record those things. I haven't moved but, as I explain in the editorial, I can't continue using the campus mail drop.

CURRENT GAMES: Deadline for EVERYTHING is now 9pm 15 January 1985. Send all orders, letters, money, and sympathy to Park Row address above, from now on.

FORTHCOMING GAMES: Hegemony over Sandy Ego--Dip variant, no fee, run on flyers; 5 players needed, Jim-Bob and Tro Sherwood signed up. Four-Handed Dip Chess--fee is $1.50, four-week deadlines, needs four players (obviously). A section of regular Dip might be offered when one of the current games ends.

1984W - Woz



FRAILTY, THY NAME IS FRANCE

Winter 1903: England builds a edi, Germany builds a kie, Turkey builds f con & f smy.

SPRING 1904

Austria (Dave Bruss): f gre-aeg, a vie-tri (a bud s, a ser s) /a ser ann/.

England (Pat Conlon): a edi-cly, f nwy-nth, f nwg-nao (f iri s), f bre-mid (f eng s), a pic-bur, a gas s German a bur-mar.

France (Jim Makuc): f mid-iri (f nao s) /f mid r por naf otb/, a mar-spa, a tun u, a naf-spa /nsu/.

Germany (Rob Wittmond): f swe h, f den-bal, a kie-mun, a mun-boh, a bur-mar (E s), a lvn-war, a war-gal, a mos h.

Italy (J.R. Baker): a tri-alb, a tyo-ven, f ion-gre, f wes c French a tun-spa /nso/.

Turkey (John Walker): f bla-sev, a sev-rum, a rum-ser (a bul s), f con-aeg, f smy-eas.

Deadline for Summer retreat and FALL 1904 ORDERS is 9pm, 15 January 1985. We have two temporary COAs--keep the old addresses on file, but for now...

Dave Bruss 724 Forest Ave. Glen Ellyn IL 60137 until 12 January
Jim Makuc Box 111 Monterey MA 01245-111 until 20 January

I hope everybody figured out that the printer reversed two pages in #27. Press:

TCU to UTA: New bet? Extension on sub fee of one year against two tickets to the Cowboys next year. TCU final basketball record is going to be 17-11. Take it or leave it.

UTA to TCU: Two problems. 1) You still have not sent me a copy of TCU's schedule. 2) Cowboys' tickets cost the equivalent of two years' sub per seat.

TCU to LSU: Want to bet on the outcome of the bowls?

UTA to LSU: I'd keep away from this guy if I were you--he's compulsive.

LSU to UTA: Please don't edit JR's press for spelling. I haven't laughed so hard since "Caddyshack".

UTA to LSU: As you will see, even when I edit it comes out funny...

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Rome: The Pope jr. today announced a long-term treaty with the Grand Wozier and wunder the terms of that treaty agreed to perform final rites upon the infamous Slime Bruss because of his dubious role as the Dual Monarch (the man with two faces) and the fact that he and his followers worship a horned demon from the fiery furnaces of West Texas.

HAC/USC to UTA: ((I assume that's "Hughes Aircraft Co./Univ. of So. Calif.", you lucky guy Rob)) Another vote for allowing press from any center a player controls. It allows press like,

"Moscow: The Czar is reported to have escaped from protective custody here in the Kremlin, apparently with the aid of the famed Russian agent Boris Badinov. At last report the Czar was fleeing southward with Storm Drain Troopers in hot pursuit."

UTA to Woz: Okay, okay, you guys win.

TCU: Feb 27 would be a good day for me to see the game.

UTA to TCU: Would you stop rubbing it in??

LSU to UTA: Kannst du Deutsch sprechen? Ich wohne drei Jahre in Deutschland. Bist du nach Deutschland gefahren? Welche Stadte? Ich bin nach Frankfurt, Munchen, Heidelberg, Stuttgart, und Garmisch gefahren. Heidelberg gefallt mir am bestens. Ich studiere auch Deutsch an der Universitat. Es ist mein Nebenfach.

UTA to LSU: Ja, ich hab' Deutsch ganz lang studiert. Als ich in Hochschule war, bin ich drei Monate in Österreich. Deutschland hab' ich nie gesehen, obwohl wir haben durch Bayern gefahren, in die Schweiz zu gehen. Wien war sehr schon, und Salzburg auch, aber die Salzkammergut und der Donau war für mich die Hochpünkte. Und jetzt spreche (und schreibe!) ich Deutsch wie ein Österreicher!

Burgundy: The heinous Huns who attacked this peaceful wine-growing country have been lured into a trap by the English military commander, Lucky Liz. The two-fold operation was ingenious, proving that the military is no longer a male-only bastion. Lucky Liz used her feminine wiles to lure Feldmarschall Bierundpretzels to the red light district of Cannes. While the Feldmarschall and his troops were cloistered in bordellos, the main English army occupied Burgundy, closing all roads to the south. Once again, the wine country is safe from swine. After surveying the damage caused by the Huns, one English officer claimed that the German operation "Save the Wine" should have been named "Baby Boom". Young French peasant girls are flocking to the free abortion clinics set up by the English command.

Berlin: It was announced today that due to the incompetent manner in which the Bavarian Army has handled the Warsaw flood control projects, the First Storm Drain Troopers are being called in from Livonia to replace them. It is not yet known where, if any place, the Bavarians will be headed, since most of them are generally too drunk to tell which way they're going.

St. Petersburg: This once beautiful waterfront has become Europe's most infamous crime zone. No lawmen come here. No laws are enforced except Darwin's. English cutthroats, German bruisers, and Lithuanian indigents mixt it up every hour of the day. The bars and flophouses resemble battlefields. The dead, whether shot, knifed, strangled, or beaten to death, are thrown into the river to float south to the Gulf of Bothnia. It is said in some quarters that the city's census taker spends his days on the Old Bridge, counting the bodies as they float past and subtracting from yesterday's population count. It is here where tensions between Germany and England are highest. Spies and assassins roam freely. The best currencies are drugs, weapons, and sex. This is the seedy underbelly of war.

Quickie contest: One free issue for anyone who can identify Jerry Cornelius' computer-tech collaborator. Three freebies for anyone who can identify the following quote--

"I am; but who I am none cares or knows."

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ASF2 - Forochel

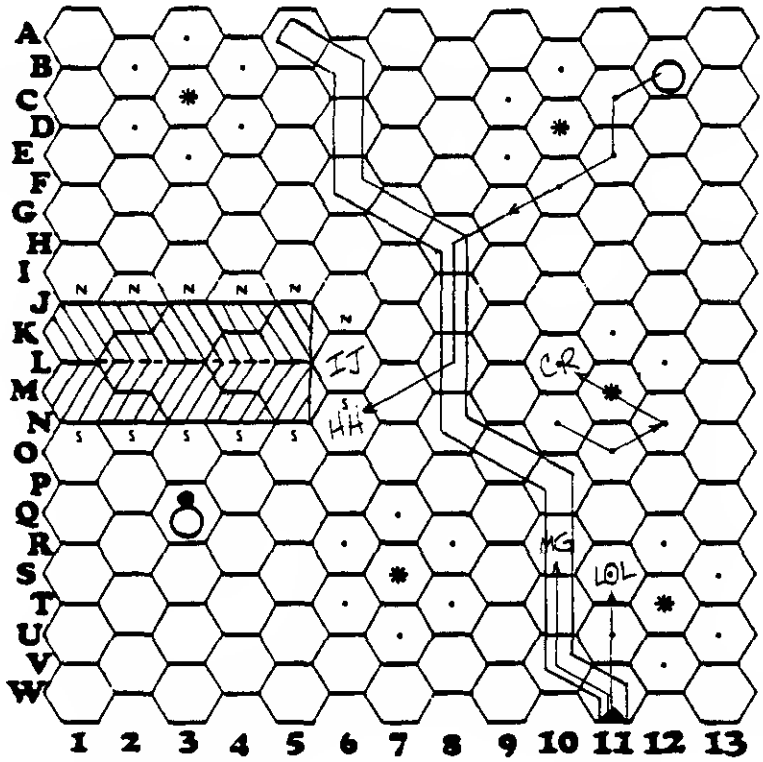
LITTLE LEGS FALL SHORT OF THEIR GOAL! TURN SEVEN

Segment One: In the kitchen, Little Ol' Lady and Mystery Guest are getting "boots, scarf and mittens back on." LOL "buttons up the trap door in her long johns, slips into her sable 'floor-length', stuffs a few 'snowballs' into her face and one in each pocket, downs her last hot toddy, pulls on her mittens, snow shoes and tam-o'-shanter, lets loose a thundering belch, and (with a wink at Mystery) exclaims, "Well, what are we waiting for? Age before beauty!" She dashes out the kitchen door."

But a little further north, two snowfighters are very, very confused, and Ice Jackal is not one of them. He draws a bead on Houston Halfling, who has exposed himself slightly while attacking Chicago Rocket. IJ's Rattler smacks the Half-

---STRAY, USELESS WHITE SPACE---

ling just as the short one unloads a Barnard Bolero at CR. HH's shot is wide at Rocket, who is shuffling around senselessly behind a tree, but Halfling is so incensed at Jackal's attack that he turns and completes the Bolero on <u>him</u>. The defenseless Jackal takes his medicine bravely.



Segment Two: The Rocket is <u>still</u> crawling around under the conifer, but now he's surrounded, as MG runs up the path, and LOL slips "straight out the door and stops to gather up yet another Snowball under the protection" of a different tree.

Ice Jackal takes aim at the Houston Halfling again--but now the Halfling runs straight at him, trying to reach the south snowman at Q3. IJ drops him in his tracks, but will HH continue his suicide "Cannonball Run"?

Let's look at the stats up to now, Segments 1 and 2 combined...

	<u>loc</u>	<u>attacked by (seg)</u>	<u>hp/vp</u>			
CR	N12	HH/bb/25/-- (1)	0/0	4 hp	5 vp	2 sb
HH	B12	IJ/rr/75/** (1)				
		IJ/rr/80/** (2)	2/1	1	11	0
IJ	L6	HH/bb/35/** (1)	1/2	8	8	3
LOL	S1I		0/0	10	4	3
MG	R10		0/0	10	7	2

Segment Three: Amid a drastic crossfire, Halfling keeps going! But alas! he can't get past the corner of the shed, worn and wet, and IJ puts him out of his misery. The Rocket takes advantage of that distraction to plaster the Jackal,

(turn the page)

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(More Forochel) and in his turn, is plastered by the pair on the porch. LOL cackles, "Take that, you onerous devil -- I'm gonna put the next one where the sun don't shine. Now GET!"

					hp/vp/ammo left
CR	(Dave Bruss)	L10	LOL/rr/85/-- MG/rr/90/**	1/1	3/ 6/ 1 sb
HH	(Greg Ellis)	N6	IJ/rr/95/**	1/0	0/11/ none
IJ	(Don Williams)	L6	CR/rr/95/**	1/1	7/ 9/ 2 sb
LOL	(JR Baker)	S11		0/0	10/ 4/ 2 sb
MG	(???)	R10		0/1	10/ 8/ 1 sb

HH will spend two segments trying to reach the kitchen (he's immune to attack) and then three segments recovered from his wounds. DEADLINE FOR TURN EIGHT IS (drum roll...) 15 January 1985, 9pm Central.

MG to SF: Bye bye. I'll see you later. Thanks for being such a nice Snow Master.
SF to MG: You're welcome; my pleasure. Flattery will get you a quick trip back inside, though, so careful.
LOL to SM: I hope Santa socks it to you!
LOL to IJ: Pucker up, Mystery is going to let you have one right in the kisser.
HH to SF: So MG is of the female persuasion.
SnowMaster to HH: Arrgh! The things you people do to our language!
CR to UTA: Just barely made it to 8-3! ((Enough already! I'll pay up!))
MG to LOL: And thank you for the toddies and the snowballs. You're a nice lady.
LOL to MG: I love it when you purr!
SnowFort to MG: Still think so??
HH to MG: I started to feel bad, since my mama told me never to hit a lady. But I figured, you may be a woman, but you're no lady.
MG to HH: Why don't you come down here, you chicken-livered lily.
SF to MG: He's on his way...
MG to SF: Or was that lily-livered chicken?
SF to MG: It was much more expressive the first time.
LOL to HH: Snow in Galveston would definately come under the heading of "bull", but snow in Dallas or Austin is just a pain in the "donkey"--besides, 's no fight, just a friendly altercation!
HH to LOL: I hope you don't melt all the snow, rum-breath.
MG to HH: Oh yeah!!! Why don't you come down here and say that, you snivelling little creep.
SF to MG: He's creeping, he's creeping already!
LOL to CR: Sorry, we didn't leave any clean towels; you'll just have to make do.
CR to all: What the heck, there was no action so I thought I'd start some!
MG to LOL: Let's lob a few in the Rocket's direction, okay Maudie?
SF to CR: You're up to your pine cones in action, bud...
LOL to HH: You seem to be right at home there in the compost heap. Any chance of <u>you</u> putrefying?
HH to IJ: Here I come to kick in your snowballs!
LOL to SnowMaster: What witch, what magician will be able to free you from Thessalonian sorceries? (Horace, 65 B.C.)
LOL to IJ: Anything more than a mouthful goes to waste!
SF to LOL: Do you mean the 'snowballs', or Horace? Greeks are always a mouthful.
LOL to IJ: No fair hanging panty hose over the fireplace--Santa hasn't got what it takes to fill them!
SF to LOL: Huh? Don's trash dumpster doesn't have a fireplace...
Mystery to Jackal: Come on, Furface --throw snow or go home. Better yet, let's both nmr behind the shed.
SnowFort to Mystery: Can that crud! This is a clean zean!
Mystery to SnowFort: Just trying to get him interested in the game again.
SnowFort: Maybe that kind of interest we don't need. Hey, everybody, Dave has a temporary COA (see Woz). See you all in the New Year!

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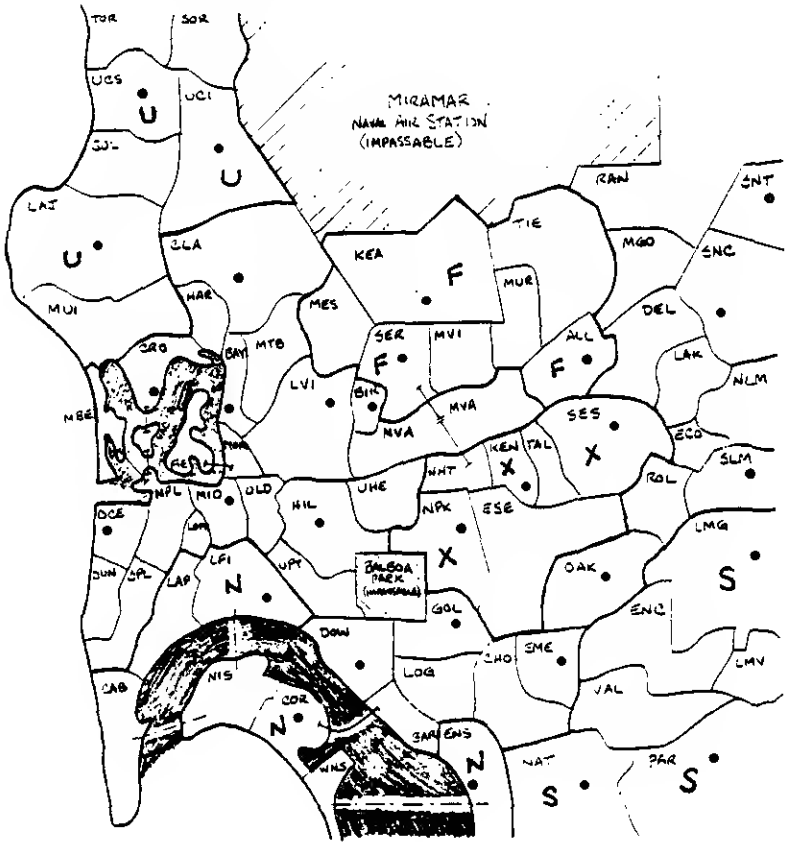
Hegemony over Sandy Ego



The unspoken understanding which the Diplomacy factions of Sandy Ego had held for so long has suddenly deteriorated. Feuds, editorials, and diatribes have wracked this sleepy coastal town, and the major groups are arming for war, each aiming for total control of the city.

The major factions are:

Flyboys--a hard-core hex-gaming group based at Miramar NAS, they have grudgingly agreed to use Standard Dip rules in the coming conflict.

Navy Dipsters--this collection of motley midshipmen is ticked off that fleets will not be permitted, but they are determined to find a way around that!

Suburban Dip Club--consists mostly of zit-faced teens, the children of tract homes and computer classes.

University Gamers--the UC Sandy Ego gaming club; mostly Zenned-out beach bums and a few refugees from Dungeons & Dragons.

Xenogogic Gang--devotees of the Peerimaniac, whose wishes they not only obey, but read through completely!

The factions control the following turf (home SC's are underlined):

FLY--mes, <u>ser</u>, <u>kea</u>, mvi, mur, tie, <u>all</u>.
NAV--cab, lap, <u>lfi</u>, nis, <u>cor</u>, wns, <u>ens</u>.
SDC--<u>nat</u>, <u>par</u>, val, enc, lmv, <u>lmg</u>.
UNI--tor, sor, <u>ucs</u>, <u>uci</u>, sol, <u>laj</u>, mui.
XEN--<u>npk</u>, ese, nht, <u>ken</u>, tal, <u>ses</u>.

1. The game begins in Spring 1980.
2. Each faction begins with an army on each of its home supply centers. I use red blocks for Flyboys, blue for Navy, yellow for Suburban, white for University, and black for Xenogogic.
3. Only armies may be built. However, the Navy Dipsters are assumed to have sympathetic friends with boats or planes which can be used on the three routes marked— - — - —. Thus, Navy (and Navy <u>only</u>) may move directly between North Island and Cabrillo, N. Island and Lindbergh Field, and between East and West Naval Station. Support may not be given over these routes.
4. Bridges link the following pairs of neighborhoods: mbe/npl, cro/vac, vac/npl, fie/mor, and cor/bar. <u>Any</u> faction may use a bridge, but they may not be occupied. In addition, a bridge <u>over</u> Mission Valley links ser and nht, enabling direct movement between them. Support may be given across bridges.
5. A minor faction of independent Dipsters is holding out downtown, represented by a neutral army. This army may be supported in place but does not give support or move. Once defeated this army is annihilated.
6. By agreement of the factions, Balboa Park is off limits and impassable.

(continued after Dip Chess rules)

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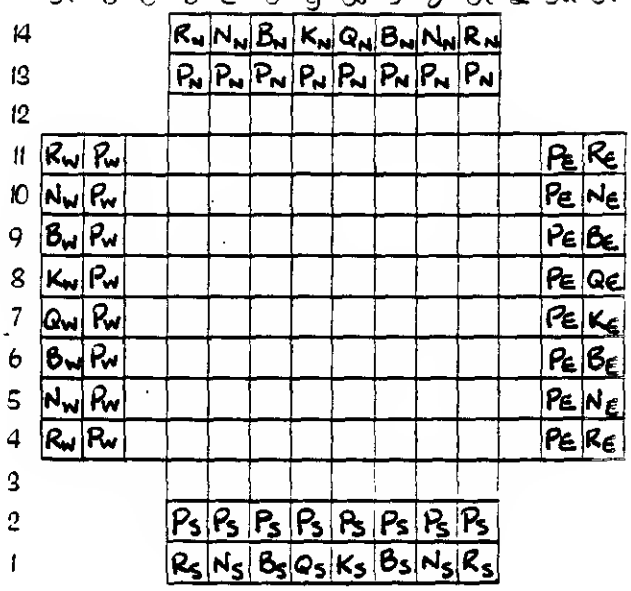
Four-Handed Dip Chess



1. All standard rules of chess apply except where superceded below.
2. Each player orders one piece, simultaneously, each turn.
3. North and South are white, East and West are black. The empty corners of the board may not be moved across.
4. Two pieces cannot move to the same square; unsupported or equally supported moves fail. Two moves cannot cross, knights excepted. Thus, rook D14–D1 and rook A4–N4 would bump.
5. A piece which can legally move into a square may support any other piece holding in or moving into that square. If a supporting piece is attacked, its support is cut.
6. Play is not DIAS--concessions may be voted, unanimously, to one or more players.
7. Notation is according to the grid on the accompanying board. Example: if all four players pushed their king's pawn two squares, the notation would be
   1. N G13-G11, E M7-K7, S H2-H4, W B8-D8.
Any other form of notation is a misorder.
8. Capture is by standard rules. En passant will be allowed.
9. A player's king must be captured for that player to be out. The last surviving king wins. When a player's king is eliminated, his pieces go into civil disorder and remain on the board.

In addition, there is an optional rule "5a":
5a. A support is cut if any enemy piece (i.e. any piece of the two or three sides not involved in the support) can cross the line of support. The cutting piece need not be ordered that turn. Support from a knight can only be cut by capturing the knight.
This rule will be voted on by all players with turn one orders; three "no"s arerequired for it to be deleted.

(Sandy Ego rules continued)
Miramar Naval Air Station is sealed off for wargames. Mission Bay, Coronado Bay, and the Pacific are also impassable.
7. The Victory Criterion is ownership of 16 (out of 30) SC's after any Fall turn.

Abbreviations used are these: (SC's are starred)

all	Allied Gardens*	del	Del Cerro	har	Harbor View
bar	Barrio Logan	dow	Downtown*	hil	Hillcrest*
bay	Bay Park*	eco	East College	kea	Kearney Mesa*
bir	Birdland*	eme	Emerald Hills*	ken	Kensington Park*
cab	Cabrillo	enc	Encanto	laj	La Jolla*
cho	Chollas View	ens	E. Naval Station*	lak	Lake Murray
cla	Clairemont*	ese	E. Sandy Ego	lap	La Playa
cor	Coronado*	fie	Fiesta Island	lfi	Lindbergh Field*
cro	Crown Point*	gol	Golden Hill*	lmg	Lemon Grove*

(continued)

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lmv	Lomita Village	nht	Normal Heights	snt	Santee*
log	Logan Heights	nis	N. Island Air Station	sol	Soledad
lom	Loma Portal	nlm	N. La Mesa	sor	Sorrento
lvi	Linda Vista*	npk	North Park*	spl	S. Pt. Loma
mbe	Mission Beach	npl	N. Pt. Loma	sun	Sunset Cliffs
mes	Mesa College	oak	Oak Park*	tal	Talmadge Park
mgo	Mission Gorge	oce	Ocean Beach*	tie	Tierra Santa
mid	Midway*	old	Old Town	tor	Torrey Pines
mor	Morena	par	Paradise Hills*	uci	University City*
mtb	Mt. Brondage	ran	Rancho El Cajon	ucs	UC Sandy Ego*
mui	Muirlands	rol	Rolando	uhe	University Hts.
mur	Murphy Canyon	ses	Sandy Ego State*	upt	Uptown
mva	Mission Valley	slm	S. La Mesa*	vac	Vacation Isle
mvi	Mission Village	ser	Serra Mesa*	val	Valencia Park
nat	National City*	snc	San Carlos*	wns	W. Naval Station

A little cleaning-up. I am in five games, and sub to twelve Dipzines (um, excuse me, thirteen; I forgot Flick of the Wrist...). Since a couple of subs are lapsing and a couple of games are in midgame, I forsee that I might begin to lose touch with even more of the Dip hobby. In an effort to forestall that, I ask you to help by doing nothing--do not write me letters telling me how things are going since that would distract me from what little Dip news I do get; and please don't plug Ecotopia, or my game openings, since if these catch on I will be too busy typing to read anything.

More mopping-up. Keith Sherwood has a new product on the market--The Inner Light (Dipzine of the 80's). He has a game opening and a wonderfully refreshing California style (like a cold Perrier after months of Dallas Municipal). Ask for a sample only if you are somewhat cool; he's at 8866 Cliffridge Av, La Jolla CA 92037.

And now, the moment the Slugmaster has been waiting for...

BRUX nmrs out

Bruce Linsey sent a two-page response to my editorial last time. I edited it (mostly for reasons of length and extraneous matter) to one page and returned it to him. He would rather not have me print the edited version, and offers to send a full copy to anyone who requsts it.

This alters my approach this issue considerably. After I make a few closing comments, the topic will be closed in Perelandra. I have letters from half a dozen readers, all of which offer themselves for publication. Thank you but no thanks. I appreciate input, but I'm trying to reduce the amount of redundancy and most of you have already had a say in your own zines or in open letters. I recommend that anyone with more to say or ask write to Bruce and Terry for their sides of the story.

Please note these clarifications:

*I believe Bruce will accurately report the Runestone Poll results. This has never been my objection, although I mentioned those who hold it lastish.

*I have not been led by the nose by Bruce's enemies, nor by Linsey toadies. As soon as I realized that I was getting only one point of view, I wrote for the other.

Now, to my conclusions. Like Keith in his zine, I'm not doing this to preach what your response should be. This is Bill Moyers, not Ralph Nader.

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1. I, like Bruce, don't want a hobby where people can be routed out by lies and innuendo. That's why I won't vote in a substitute Poll (in addition to my commitment to the traditional job-application process in Dipdom). But I am not by any means required to vote in the authentic Poll.

2. I am participating in the Zine Register (and the Boardman Number process, and the Orphan Service) because I have a responsibility to do so. I run the risk of winding up on a toadystashing list somewhere by doing so, but in these considerations I must take that chance.

3. I mention, without detail, a public charge that Bruce has made that Kathy Byrne is an alcoholic, to point out that Bruce's style and attitudes are unacceptable to me.

4. I will not vote in or plug the Poll.

Bruce and Terry are both wrong in one way: neither one is malicious by nature, but each claims the other is. Terry admits to certain faults such as arrogance and cynicism; Bruce will not admit to poor judgment and something approaching blackmail. Let nobody say, somewhere down the road, that I could not properly discern the difference between their tactics.

At one point, when I was especially angry at everyone, I was going to prove my impartiality by listing all the perceived faults and virtues of the five or six principals. (No, I never seriously considered doing this.) Instead, suffice to say: I have never gone to press with people who have been angry at me (there have been those cases) and I get along fine with those people now. I believe I am friends with enough people on opposite sides of enough fences to be called fair. Objective, no, but as fair as an informed person can be.

And maybe this all leads into this month's editorial, which is...

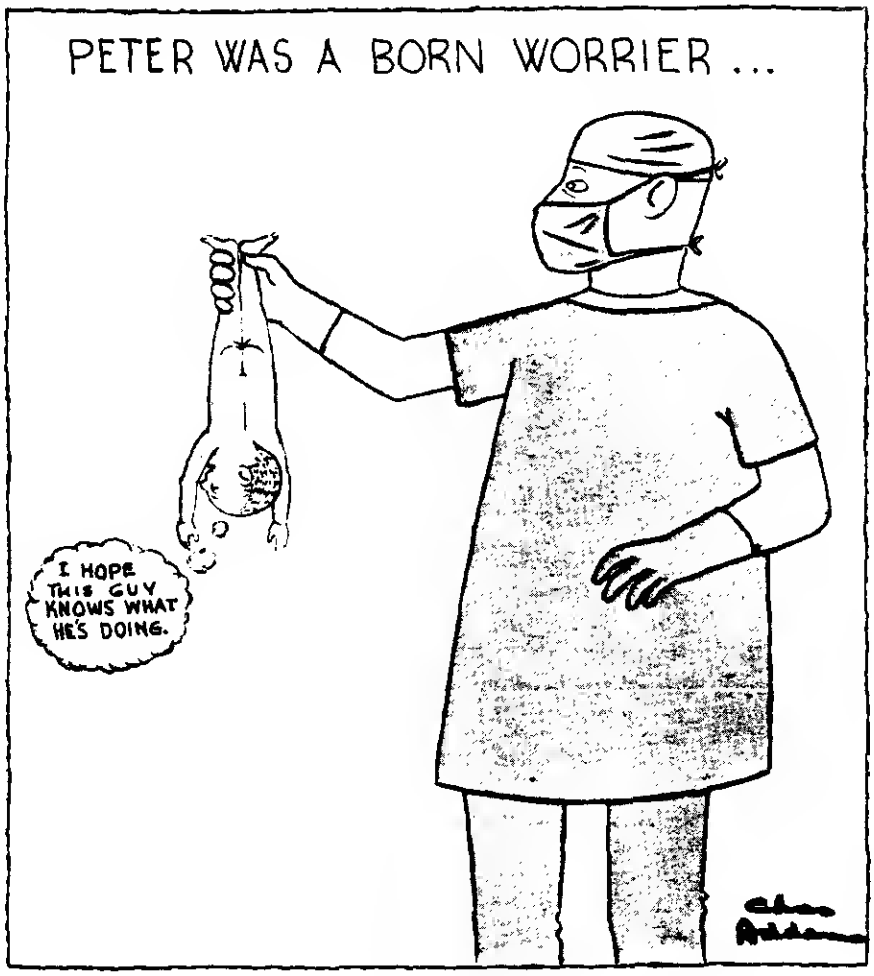
dprssd

My dad found the cartoon in the New Yorker, and my mom sent it in.

The first draft of this looked a lot like my term papers of five or six years ago: very objective, neat, manure. One of my faults is a tendency to overanalyze (although, another is to concentrate on my faults...), so let's try this again, without the veneer.

I've been depressed now for longer than ever before. For the last year my appetite has died to nothing. Combined with working nights, I find myself sleeping 9-11 hours a day. I've been financially strapped since before I got to Texas, so there hasn't been much food around not to eat anyway.

I know nobody in this area. A few acquaintances--former students, two or three people at church, a couple of fellow MA types--but nobody close. My girlfriend now lives in La Marque, near Galveston.



Perelandra

In the first draft I said I was dropping out of school. I'm retyping this after vacation. While I was in California, my father talked me out of quitting. The program here isn't everything I've been told. I came here for an education which would feature application of theory to practice; the only concern here is for procedures to follow, with no explanation of the why behind them. I hoped to benefit from some of the world's greatest linguists; I've been in classes where two hours a week was enough work for an A. I knew I'd find some emphasis on Bible translation; not only do they drill this excessively, they ignore literary, journalistic, business and diplomatic purposes for learning linguistics.

I took Fs in two courses this past semester which were badly misrepresented to me. The third course is still pending. I had already decided not to register for the spring. Even now, I don't have any idea how I will pay for it. Among other things, I have a huge credit bill, no car insurance, and a bank that puts a week-long hold on all my deposits!

So I have a lease through April, and a job where I get to deal with drunk kids trying to shoplift Michelob under their jackets, and no real desire to continue in either one. Even if I manage to register and pay tuition, my classes will all be in Arlington (funny, they never said I'd have to commute 15 miles even if I lived 2 miles from UTA), so I can't with any practicality pick up mail at the Linguistics Center.

So I'm depressed, and I've given up trying to "stay calm" or "overcome it". I'm mad--not sure what at, but mad.

I feel I'm a pretty neat person. It's taken a lot of people a long time to get that idea into my head. I'm intelligent, articulate, friendly, and pretty good at a few odd hobbies like music and photography. Above all, people tell me I'm fun to be with.

But I worry about getting a swelled head over all this. I feel myself, quite often, a step away from megalomania. Instead of deciding to go ahead and be proud, I force humility on myself. Maybe I wish so hard that I really <u>was</u> humble that I keep trying to be.

Well, that's a long lament. California did some good things for my head--my family in Marin County, the friends at Dafcon, hills and trees and San Francisco... But I couldn't shake all my doubts and anger.

Diplomacy people have been my one joy the last few months. Kathy Byrne took a personal interest in me, whom she didn't know at all, when she heard I was down. Greg Ellis and Ed Wrobel have written and kept my interest up when they didn't even know it. Conrad Minshall is going to keep me in Dip by sheer weight of mail. And Steve and, especially, Daf have been so many kinds of friends to me that I don't know an appropriate way of saying thanks.

The love and support I get from <u>all</u> of you, spoken or silent, is really fantastic.

Now if only I could survive in a postal game, my problems would be solved.

Did you hear about the Aggies who died at the drive-in? They went to see the movie "Closed for Winter".

It has been just that cold here, too. If the weather is going to stay under 35 I'd at least like to see some snow. Still, Dallas is getting it much easier this year than last. New Year's Eve here was 62 degrees, while Corte Madera CA was 55 or so.

With the page that remains I could do a very sketchy Dafcon report, but the pictures will be back Thursday so I'll wait. I could run another reprint, but my library is still mostly in storage. No, I'll let it lie fallow--maybe my checkbook will recuperate when it sees an 11-page issue.

A prosperous new year,

Pete

Rod —

As you know, the next Ecotopia (note spelling) will be out in just over a week. I won't be forwarding a copy to you 'cause this one will be just a plea for plugs and a collection of LoCs.

On Ecotopia: Conrad Minshall sent me a copy. Curious — and wonderfully didactic. Unfortunately, San Francisco has never been so innocent (though it has had its period of 'secessionist' sentiment... from Southern Cal.!).

I think we should set a deadline of, say, March 1, to settle the minor stuff (like schedule) so we can publicize that and get on to the more controversial topics.

I am beginning to favor a secret system, providing we announce a fairly clear outline of the general approach — much as you wrote, I believe, last month.

Sincerely,

Pete

P.S. I haven't seen Erewhon in a while — am I missing something?

The Last Word

Like the cover item, this is a song not sung all in one scene; different verses are sung as they are appropriate. The first two verses are Bilbo Baggins' departure from home and his return; the latter two are Frodo Baggin's versions of the same experience, all from The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings.

1 Roads go ever ever on,
Over rock and under tree,
By caves where never sun has shone,
By streams that never find the sea.
Over snow by winter sown,
And through many flowers of June,
Over grass and over stone,
And under mountains in the moon.

2 Roads go ever ever on,
Under cloud and under star,
Yet feet that wandering have gone
Turn at last to home afar.
Eyes that fire and sword have seen
And horror in the halls of stone
Look at last on meadows green
And trees and hills they long have known.

3 The Road goes ever on and on
Down from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
And I must follow, if I can,
Pursuing it with weary feet,
Until it joins some larger way,
Where many paths and errands meet.
And whither then? I cannot say.

4 The Road goes ever on and on
Out from the door where it began.
Now far ahead the Road has gone,
Let others follow it who can!
Let them a journey new begin,
But I at last with weary feet
Will turn towards the lighted inn,
My evening-rest and sleep to meet.

As Bilbo used to say, there is only one Road; it is like a great river: its springs are at every doorstep, and every path is its tributary. It's a dangerous business, going out of your door. You step into the Road, and if you don't keep your feet, there is no knowing where you might be swept off to.

Perelandra

3121 East Park Row, no. 171A
Arlington, Texas 76010

Please notice my change of address!
Letter column next issue--no feuds.

Rod Walker
1273 Crest Dr.
Encinitas, CA 92024

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